















# 1972 GRANITE

The University of New Hampshire

Durham











stand: look: wait  
standing;  
watching all the  
red trees  
looking;  
holding the thoughts of  
leafless days  
waiting  
for leaves to grow  
and turn green again













































think  
think of all the  
seconds that were  
so good: and smile  
because they were  
seconds























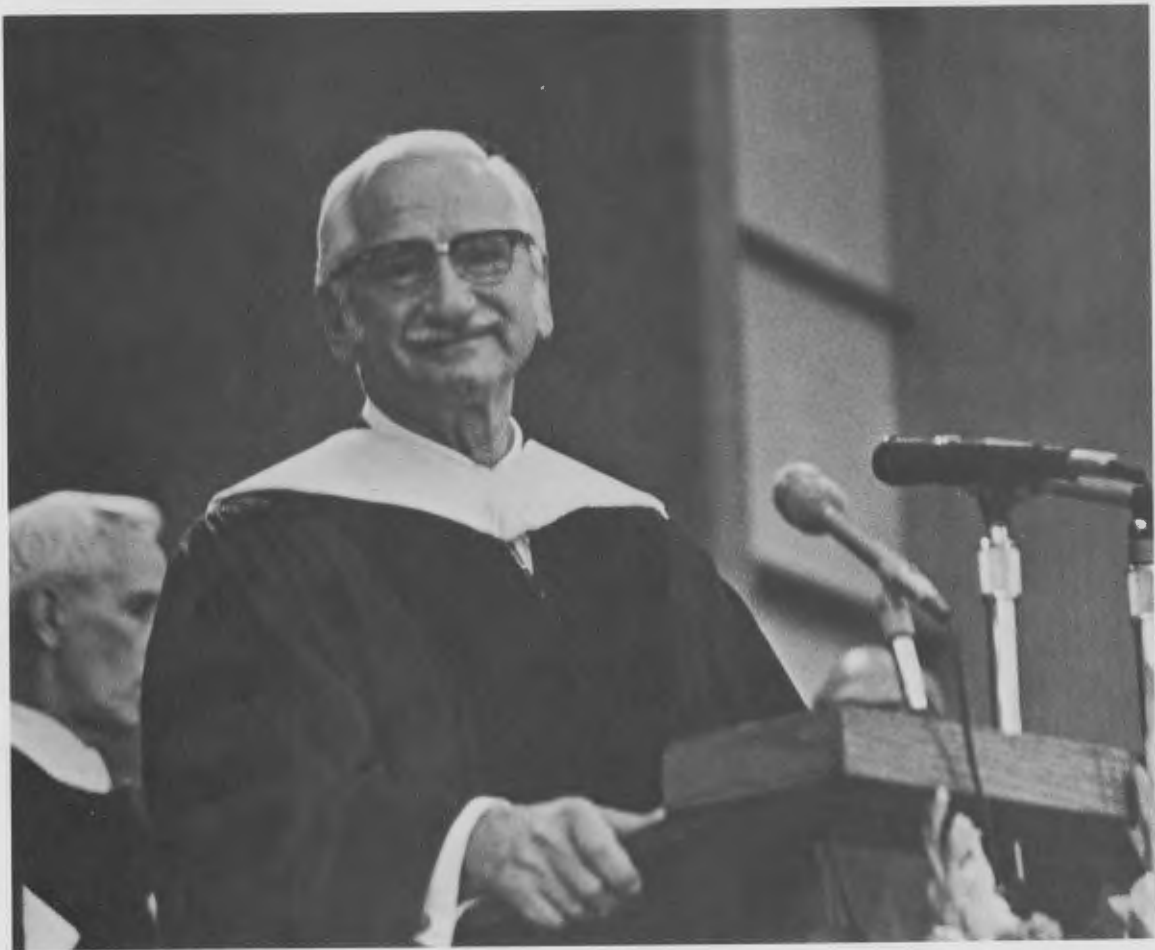






















First leaf  
tomorrow this  
leaf won't be  
the first leaf:

Tomorrow this  
leaf will be the  
only leaf:

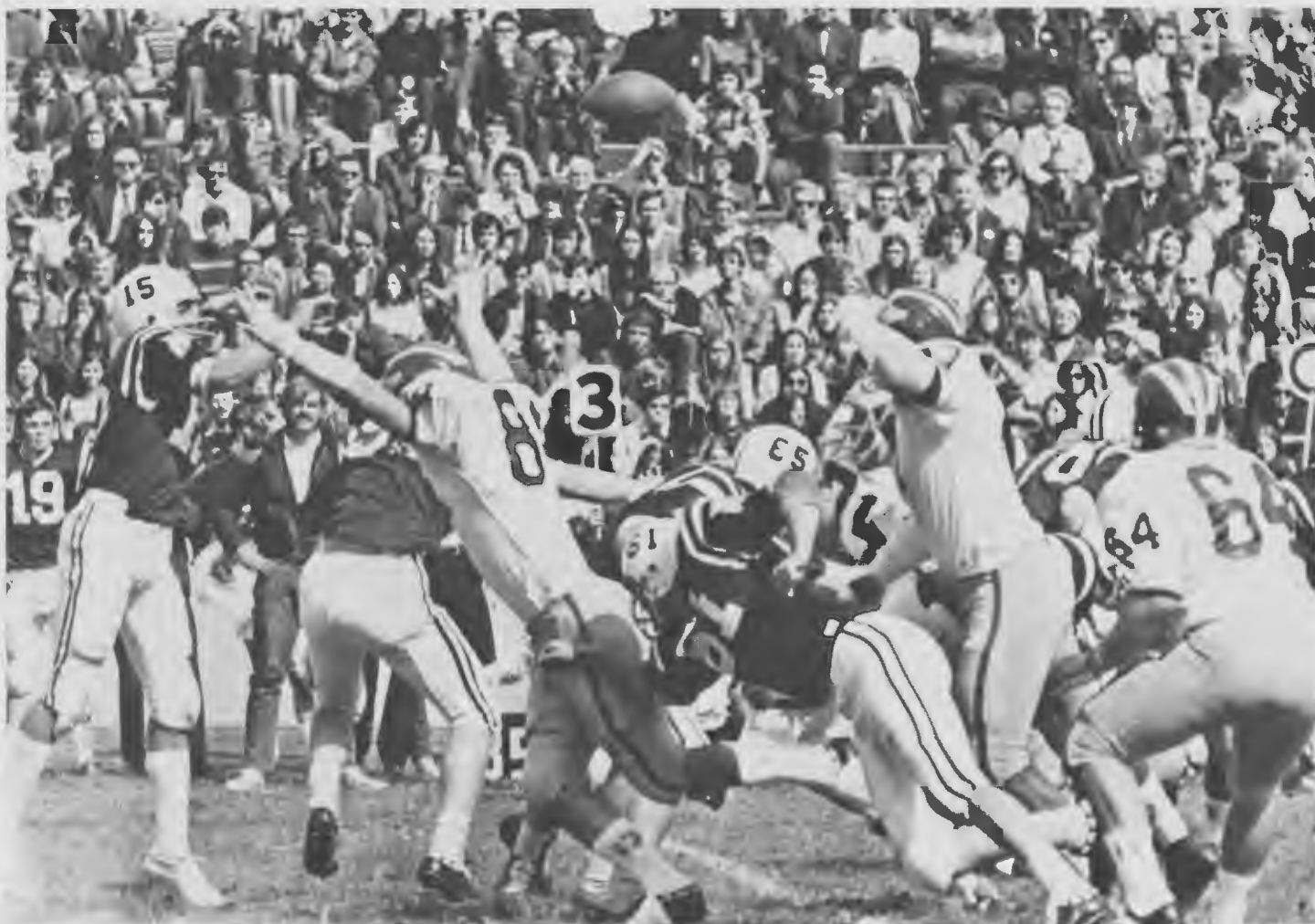
after a strong wind































Poco



















































The faces, names and conversations confused me that Spring. I rushed at the five sorority houses on campus so I could meet more people. The introductions and first words were superficial, but the friendships that grew persuaded me to become a part of the Greek system at UNH.

As a Greek, I was part of the minority. Only five sororities, about three hundred and twenty-five girls, were active on campus. Many of my friends in the dorm decided not to pledge. Some questioned me, asking what I could possibly see in the Greek system. I was told that Greeks became too wrapped up in their own world. They seldom became involved in any campus activities, and lost contact with friends who were not Greeks. Most of these people were satisfied with their dorm life, their friends and the relationships they had developed. Sororities offered me more.

The noisy, one A.M. raids with fraternities, beer and spaghetti, Bid Day, Pledge Dance and MERP initiated me into the social calendar of the sorority. Almost every night, I'd shiver out of bed at one or two A.M. and run across campus to the house. The pledges huddled at the mailbox on the corner of Garrison and Madbury, and waited for the whole group to arrive. Sometimes we decorated the house with crepe paper or Easter eggs. We held a breakfast party with entertainment on the front lawn and hung the Sisters' clothes on a line through the front yard. Often we dragged the Sisters from their rooms to drink beer at one of the thirteen fraternities.

'Is it worth the hassle?' I asked myself after eight weeks of pledging. 'Is this a sorority?' The raids began to seem senseless. I was tired of the cold walk from Hubbard and the insane conversations over beer at three in the morning. I didn't feel a part of the house. The sorority and pledging was not complete for me.

Work on the Blood Bank, donut sales in the dorms, campus clean-up and plans for our orphan in Southeast Asia brought a second phase to my sorority experience. The projects gave us all a chance to work together and know each other better.

Diane and I washed windows together for Spring Clean-up. She was a Junior and I had never talked to her. Working on opposite sides of the windows, Diane and I talked about our feelings toward the house and what it meant to us. I told her the raids seemed superficial, and I had not found exactly what I wanted in the house. She listened and told me to wait. "Sister-hood doesn't happen overnight. It grows with time."



In May the Strike hit campus and our house. I had little time to walk to Madbury Road. When I did walk over, the house seemed deserted. Sisters gathered on the lawn at T-Hall or organized meetings in the MUB. I saw my friends actively supporting something they believed in. We sat together, listening on the lawn at T-Hall; and walked together, holding candles in memory of the students at Kent State. As a pledge, I saw the Sisters as involved individuals, not stereotypes.

Moving into the house the next September, my view of the Sisters continued to form. I became aware of how little I knew about the house and the people I had chosen to live with. For the first few weeks, I watched and listened to the girls who had lived in the house before. "Did you get that problem straightened out at home? What did you decide to do about your major? I'm kind of in a mess . . . Can I talk to you for a while?" I discovered a new phase of sorority life, a part I found only through living in the house. Throughout the house, doors were left open; there were no locks. I felt comfortable walking into any room in the house and talking to any of the thirty-two sisters.

That year my courses were rough, I didn't have a major, couldn't find one I liked, and the tuition went up. I moped around campus, confused and unable to decide what to do. Margi asked me to talk about it. She helped me think out my alternatives and come to the conclusion that UNH wasn't so bad after all. I decided to declare a major and finish my four years.

I began to see the sorority as an experiment in group living. Like a family, the sisters are committed to make the experiment work. The goal is harmony. Each girl enters the commitment as an individual and her individual talents and failings are respected. Yet, as her relationships grow within the house, she becomes a part of the whole.

I saw the Sisters everyday on a personal and intimate level. Sometimes we took bike rides to the reservoir or thumbed to Wallis Sands or Adam's Point. In the Spring, we sat out on Pebble Beach, the sun deck attached to the house. The Sisters were not alike and didn't share all of the same interests. Through meals at the house, discussions, problems and rallies Down Under for just one, I saw each girl as different, an integral part of the house as a whole. I began to lose my fear of letting others see me in tense situations. I opened myself, as others had opened themselves, and began to

risk. My sisters accepted me. I felt a part.

I think it is this commitment to work for the harmony within the group, this decision to risk being hurt and this acceptance of others that differentiate the house from a dorm. Every girl becomes a personality, not just a face seen down the hall. UNH began to mean more than classes, the Manchester Union Leader, a new president from Cincinnati and disputes over tenure. The sorority brought my education down to a personal level.

In my room alone I learned about interpersonal communications. The room was small and my five roommates and I each had a different style of living. I was easily upset by small things. My roommates accepted my emotional outbreaks over exams, too much work, a thoughtless boyfriend or parent conflict at home and helped me to understand myself and them through our interactions. By the end of the year, we were able to communicate openly about ourselves.

As in most groups, factions develop in the house. It hurt me at first to see small groups of girls always sitting together at dinner or planning trips together. I felt excluded. I soon began to see that although not everyone in the house was my best friend, I felt close to all of them. We rallied together at the Pledge Dance or for MERP, painted



the livingroom and diningroom for Parents' Weekend and planned together for our new house.

The raids and beer and dances now fade with each year. The long talks, understanding and involvement between my Sisters grow. I live with people who want to share my ups and downs, girls who make time to open their doors and understand each other.

When I joined a sorority, I said I would not be changed. I wanted to remain an individual and not become a stereotype of the sorority girl. I cannot say that the sorority has not changed me, any more than my education at UNH has not helped me mature. My life is far from a flat stereotype. Sorority life has developed new sides of my personality.

Susie and I sit on the floor of my room and try to put our feelings into words. By trying to help her untangle her own ideas, I have begun to see myself more clearly. Susie has learned to express herself and I have grown.

Diane knocked on my door at 2:30 one night. Her voice shook; she wanted to talk. We watched the sun come up over Stoke, considering the alternatives to dropping out of school in the last semester of her Senior year.

Sharing these problems, understanding what is important to the people I live with and working with them has helped me fill a gap that my education at UNH has not fulfilled. On a campus where I can snuggle into the shelter of namelessness, the sorority adds a new dimension. In a world where my role of student is chosen for me, I can go home and be myself. Interacting with people, not names or faces, I begin to touch my education and life at UNH with reality. I have built a reciprocal commitment to a group of girls, a sorority.



The sororities on the UNH campus are not dying. They are developing into a new concept in group-living. They offer the UNH student an alternative life style, a supplement to education. Sororities are a place for women to interact dynamically as individuals. As the University grows in size, the student becomes one number in many. A woman is unique in a sorority, not just 029-42-0887. Sororities are alive.







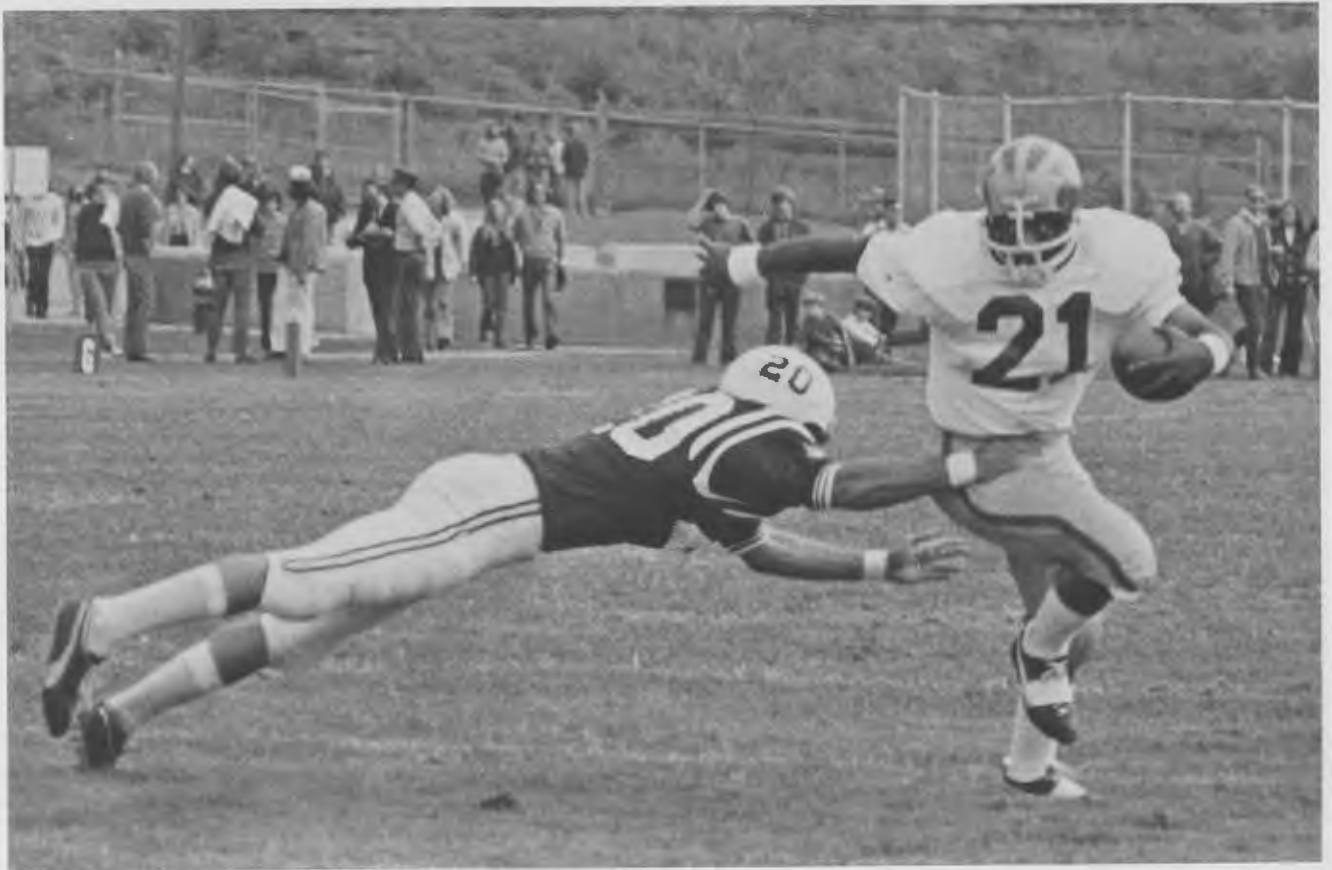






























New York Rock Ensemble























We demand  
the opening of the granaries to feed the poor  
We demand  
the public ownership of workshops and factories  
We demand  
the conversion of the churches into schools  
so that now at last something useful can be  
taught in them  
We demand that everyone should do all they can  
to put an end to war  
This damned war  
which is run for the benefit of profiteers  
and leads only to more wars  
We demand  
that the people who started the war  
should pay the cost of it  
Once and for all  
the idea of glorious victories  
won by the glorious army  
must be wiped out  
Neither side is glorious  
On either side they're just frightened men  
messing their pants  
and they all want the same thing  
Not to lie under the earth  
but to walk upon it  
without crutches

Marat/Sade

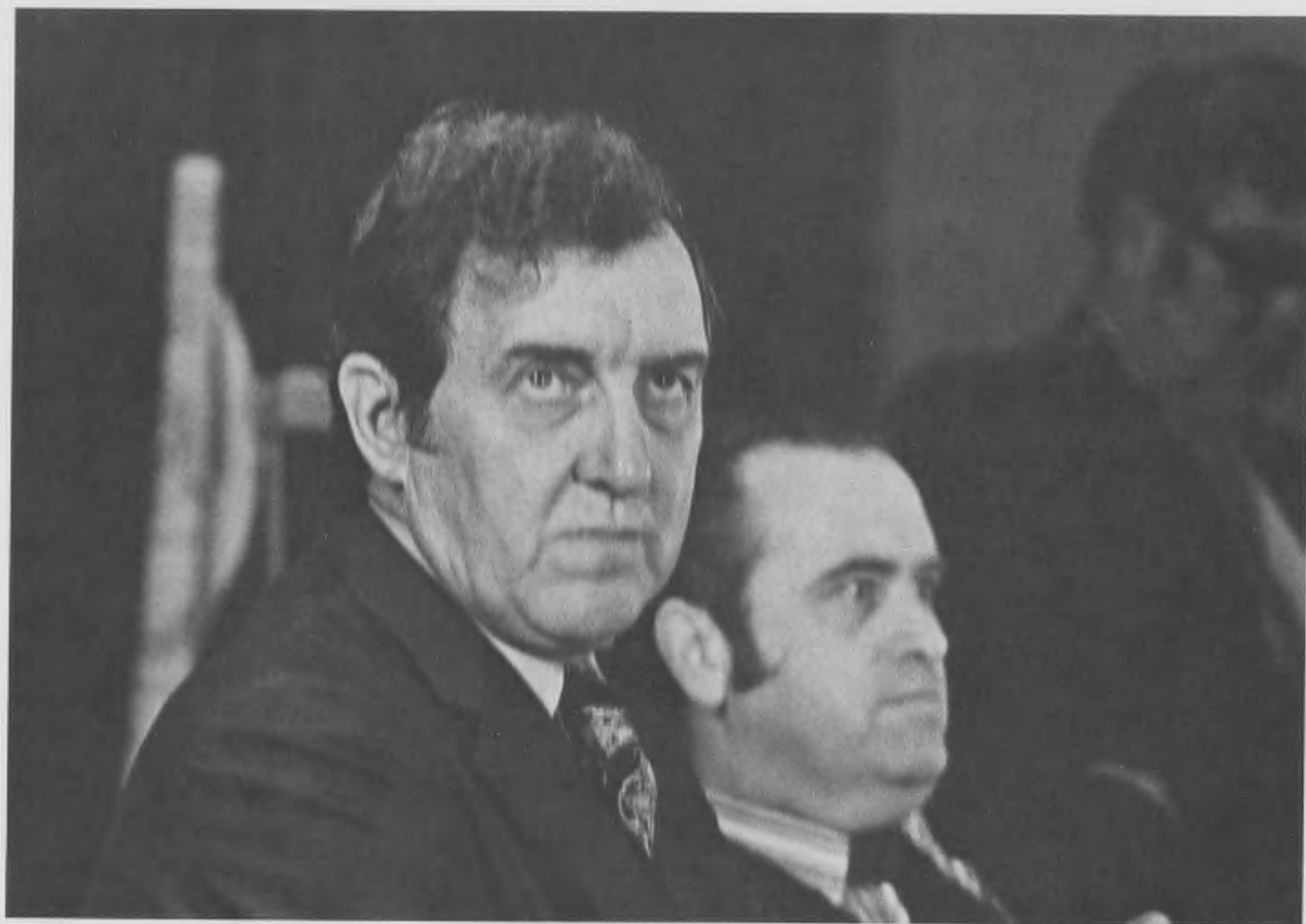


Does anyone here hate Laotians? Do you know what a simple, beautiful life those people lead, people we are not at war with? And yet, thinking we can deny supplies and crops to the enemy, we are bombing hundreds of villages in Laos, killing those people. . . . Since 1968 Nixon has substantially escalated the unconscionable and inexcusable bombing in Laos and Cambodia and recently in North Vietnam, and in so doing has precluded any chance of getting back the American prisoners of war. . . . This, of course, is not the only issue of this campaign, but it is the one which prompted me to challenge the President. I believe we must get out of this immoral war, that we must reduce our negotiating demands to the release of our prisoners. If we will just do that, I believe this war will be over within 30 to 60 days. And by voting for me in the primaries next March, you can put pressure on the Administration. Otherwise, you must wait until November. How many more Americans and Asians will die by then?

Paul McCloskey—Chester, N.H.











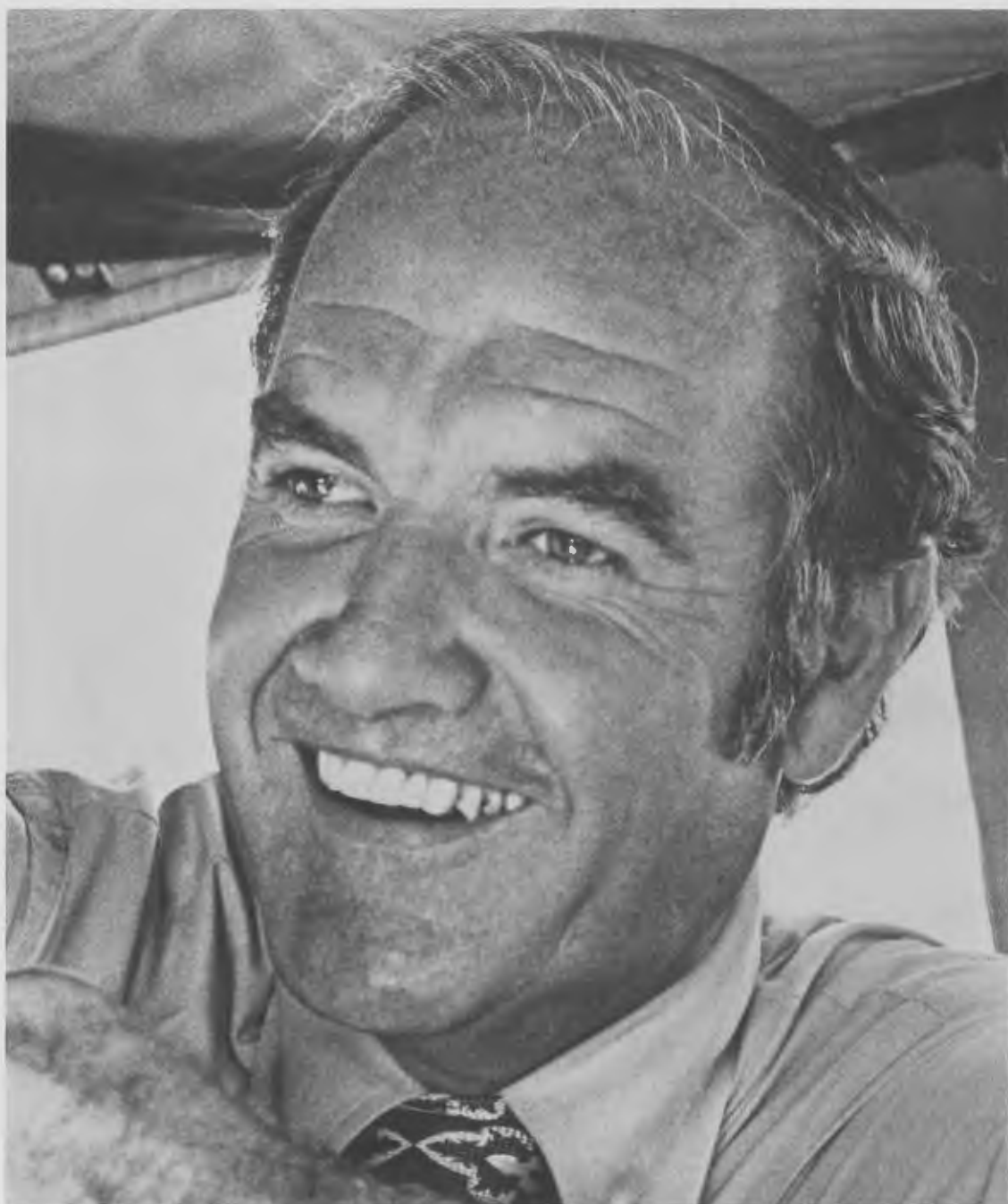




Although we have spent \$3 billion on the Vietnam war, lost many lives, and are continuing to spend \$2 million daily, the liberties of the Vietnam people are not expanding. We find American money and arms used to suppress the very liberties we went in to defend.

It is a policy of moral debacle and defeat. It is a policy that demonstrates that our expenditures for more and more 'special forces' are as useless and dangerous as our expenditures for more and more nuclear capability. The trap we have fallen into there will haunt us in every corner of this revolutionary world if we do not properly appraise its lessons.

George McGovern





### The Parade

It was a parade; colors, music, and costume.

A pony rode on top of one of the floats.

When he jumped down and broke one of his legs, there  
was complete silence.

A policeman moved toward the flinching animal and began  
to pull out his revolver.

Someone said "the children."

Six men put the pony back on the float and it turned a  
corner away from the parade.



























The Byrds



































William Loeb sells a lot of papers in Durham. By the end of most days, stacks of the Manchester Union Leader in Town and Campus and at the reception desk in the Memorial Union Building have vanished. Where do they go?

Several copies can be found in the basement taverns of Durham, sopping up spilled beer of an afternoon spent in frothy discussions of the Loeb intent. Others can be seen on cafeteria tables, the sports page covered with used napkins and coca cola cups. A few students stroll around campus with their issue stuffed in a notebook. In Thompson Hall, one is folded neatly on the desk of Art Grant, President Bonner's chief administrative assistant and another is barely visible under a coffee table in the President's office. During their morning coffee break, a number of T-Hall secretaries casually flip over the pages, and with pretended disinterest, search out some article about their employers.

On Monday mornings, Brud Warren, Director of the UNH News Bureau scurries up to the President's office for Bonner's weekly news conference with a copy of the Leader under his arm. The other reporters that will come to the press meeting also have copies, or at least will have read the story about UNH to which Bonner will reply: "There has been a growth of wild extravagances in journalism which more properly should have been rejected as an embarrassment to the State."

Dr. Bonner's position as President of the University of New Hampshire was announced April 7,

1971. Before completing the academic year as Provost at the University of Cincinnati, Bonner was attacked by the Manchester Union Leader.

New Hampshire Senator Norris Cotton stood up on the Senate floor in Washington, after a long snooze, no doubt, and called Bonner's appointment to the UNH Presidency a "stab in the back." Something about Bonner working for George McGovern for six months. Then Union Leader reporter Warren Pease began churning out a series of articles coloring Bonner a shade of commie red. With noteworthy endurance, Pease continued the accusations in the Union Leader's best style of free interpretation. A style that has shown Joe McCarthy to be short winded.

Bonner, whose political stance is somewhere (but not very far) to the left of the center line of the political spectrum, resented Pease's charges. During the early part of the summer of '71, Bonner asked that an impartial committee investigate the accuracy of Pease's reporting and even threatened to file a law suit against Pease.

But it wasn't long before the incoming president dropped the whole thing. Shortly after his haggling with the Union Leader, Bonner visited the campus of Plymouth State College. Students there asked him why he had curtailed his counterattack with Pease. He answered the students with the "In the Best interests of the University of New Hampshire ..." kind of reply. President of Plymouth State, Harold Hyde, wished Bonner had stuck to his guns. "For his own professional good," said Hyde.



After the summer's heat, the beginning of the new school year was marked by cool relations between the University and the Manchester Union Leader. The placidity was short lived.

On November 22, 1971, Bonner hired Pat Jackson for the new job of Vice President for University Relations. According to Bonner the purpose behind the job was to improve relations between the University and the People of the State. A job that Jackson was to do for the price of \$30,000 a year. That price tag got a lot of people upset—UNH trustee Al Rock, New Hampshire Speaker of the House, Marshall Cobleigh, and of course, The Manchester Union Leader.

Utilizing their most prized possession, investigative reporter Arthur Egan, the Union Leader assaulted Jackson calling him "unfit to hold a position at the University." Egan was at his nastiest, extracting from old court records, information that Jackson had some marital and financial problems in the past.

Regardless of the lack of pertinence in Egan's mud gathering, Jackson with the help of some friends in T-Hall, resigned; it had been impossible for him to carry out his duties and at the same time, "fight off the Manchester Union Leader." Shaking his head Jackson sighed, "I find myself in the unique position of being attacked merely because I've been hired."

And so, Pat Jackson left T-Hall and returned to his public relations firm in Epping. One might have thought the excitement was over, but Tom Bonner, now twice tormented at the hands of the monster from Manchester, went on T.V. and charged the Union Leader with manufacturing articles about UNH. He termed the stories "news Pollution" and "psychological Pollution." He called together representatives from State newspapers for a dining room press conference and told the people of the State what he thought of the Union Leader's style. "Once the attack begins," he said, "even one's friends join in—apparently for fear they may be attacked if they don't. This is not civilization, it's the wolf pack, the jungle."

Bonner in a series of news conferences, continued his assault on the Union Leader, charging that newspaper with "the continuous erosion of confidence, the assailing of leaders and institutions from Presidents of the United States to political, religious, and educational leaders in New Hampshire."

Following the turbulence of the Jackson controversy the Union Leader continued its usual, regular attacks with exciting headlines like "Bomber Linked to UNH" or "58 Convicts Attend UNH." Bonner continued his rebukes, but the reprisals were toned down. Perhaps Bonner began to have



doubts about his previous style of vehement rebuttal and its effect on State citizenry. Perhaps he had become aware that combatting William Loeb in his own paper is an impossible feat.

In retrospect, it is difficult to say whether Bonner's year long battle with the Union Leader affected any change of attitude on campus or throughout the State. Certainly no students felt the need to fall behind their leader and urge him on. A Winter Carnival snow sculpture of Loeb chasing Bonner was one of the only indications that any of the general student body was interested in what was going on in the pages of the Union Leader.

When Bonner came to the University last year he isolated lack of state support as the University's most pressing problem. To gain that support Bonner formulated a plan to bring the University to the State through Community Service programs. A few of these programs were initiated, yet a concentrated effort to make service programs viable and workable was hampered by the time Bonner and his administration spent refuting the Union Leader.

With his integrity being questioned daily, it is no wonder that Bonner, a man who is not afraid to jump into the fray, responded to the attacks as he did. Certainly the frustration of being the object of false accusations is enough to anger any man. But can it be worth while to expend energy defending one's self and ideas in a newspaper whose psychopathic style will have the last word, regardless of its heroic motto.

Some say Bonner made tactical errors in dealing with the Union Leader. Others say they were glad to see a man who would finally fight the paper. Still others argued that Bonner should have ignored

the Union Leader entirely, that to fight the Manchester paper was beneath the dignity of the President and his University. Yet no one, including Bonner, has been able to provide a conclusive formula to dispell untruths about the University, and keep the University out of the papers at the same time. Further still, it must be remembered the amount of damage done to UNH by the Loeb press is a commodity of influence that is virtually impossible to evaluate.

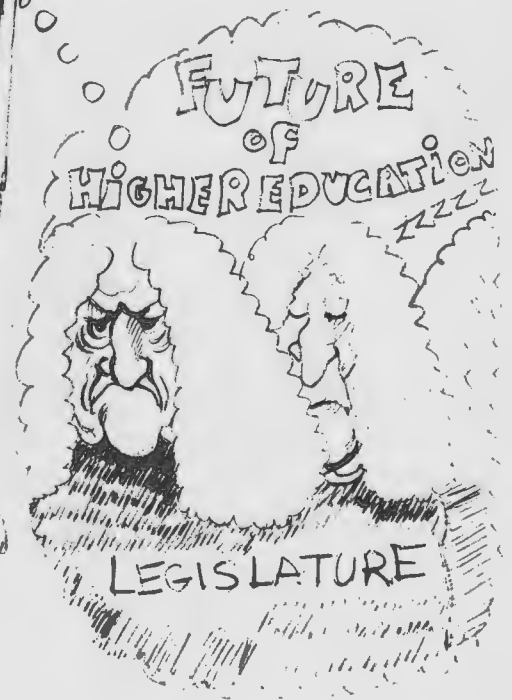
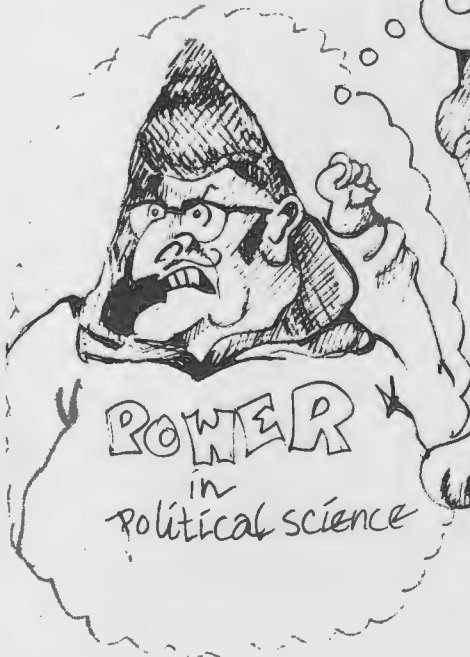
Bonner once said that if his battle with the Union Leader had any beneficial results at all, the fight had visibly brought to public attention the University problems that formerly had been discussed only in UNH administrative offices and legislative chambers. Finally the State citizenry had become aware of its University's problems.

Perhaps a public awareness has initiated some response to University needs. The New Hampshire State Legislature did approve a \$50 reduction for in-state tuition costs. At a news conference last April Bonner was asked if he thought the Legislature had changed its attitude towards UNH. "Many members of the legislature are coming to recognize tuition is too high," said Bonner, "and opportunities too few—and it's hurting students."

As Bonner's first year in the Presidency drew to a close last Spring, remnants of his winter battle with the Union Leader still revealed themselves in promotional speeches made to various groups scattered around the State. Just to keep their hand in the game, the Union Leader occasionally produced an editorial chastising Bonner for his own sporadic criticisms of the paper. But in Durham, the feud was fast becoming just amusing.



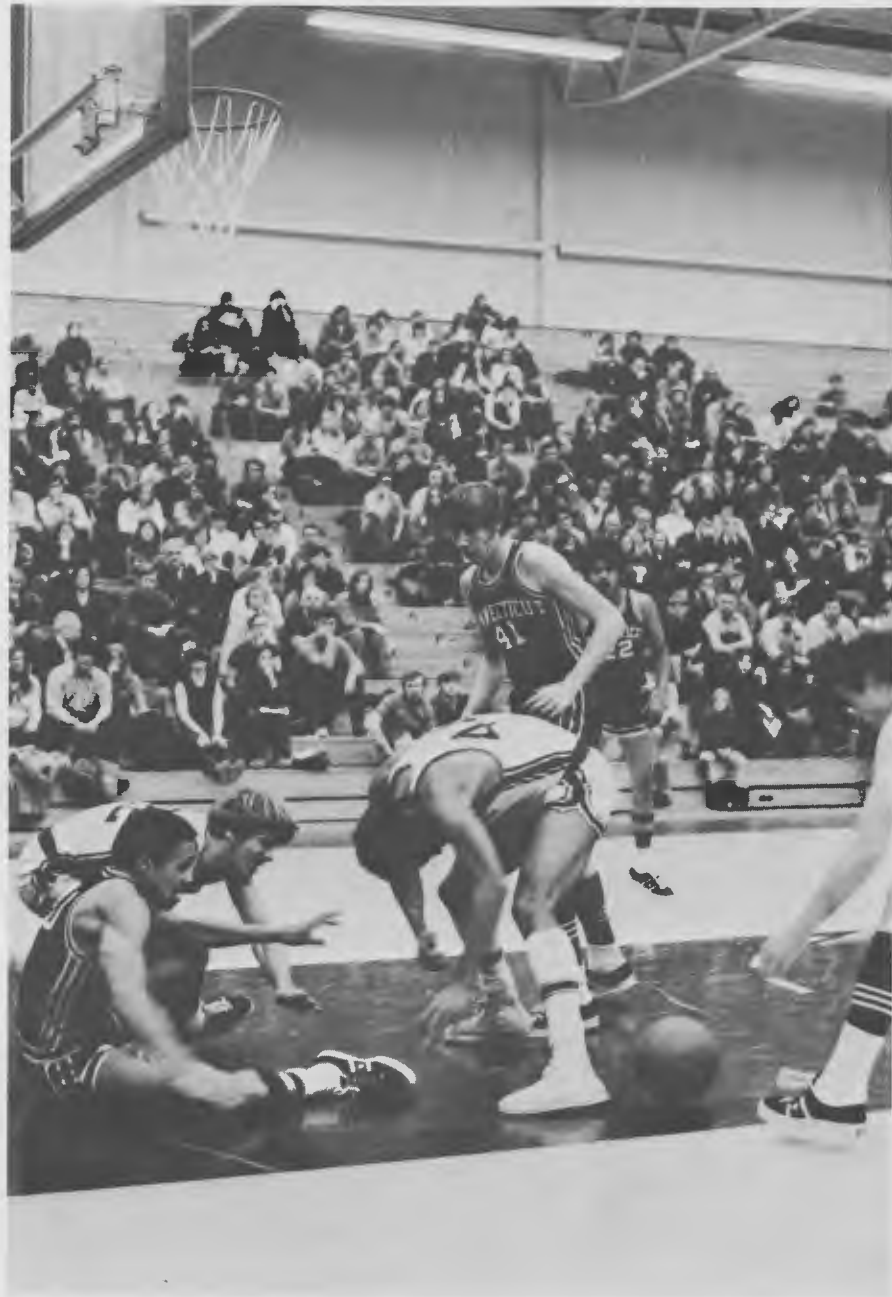
# Problems of Leadership









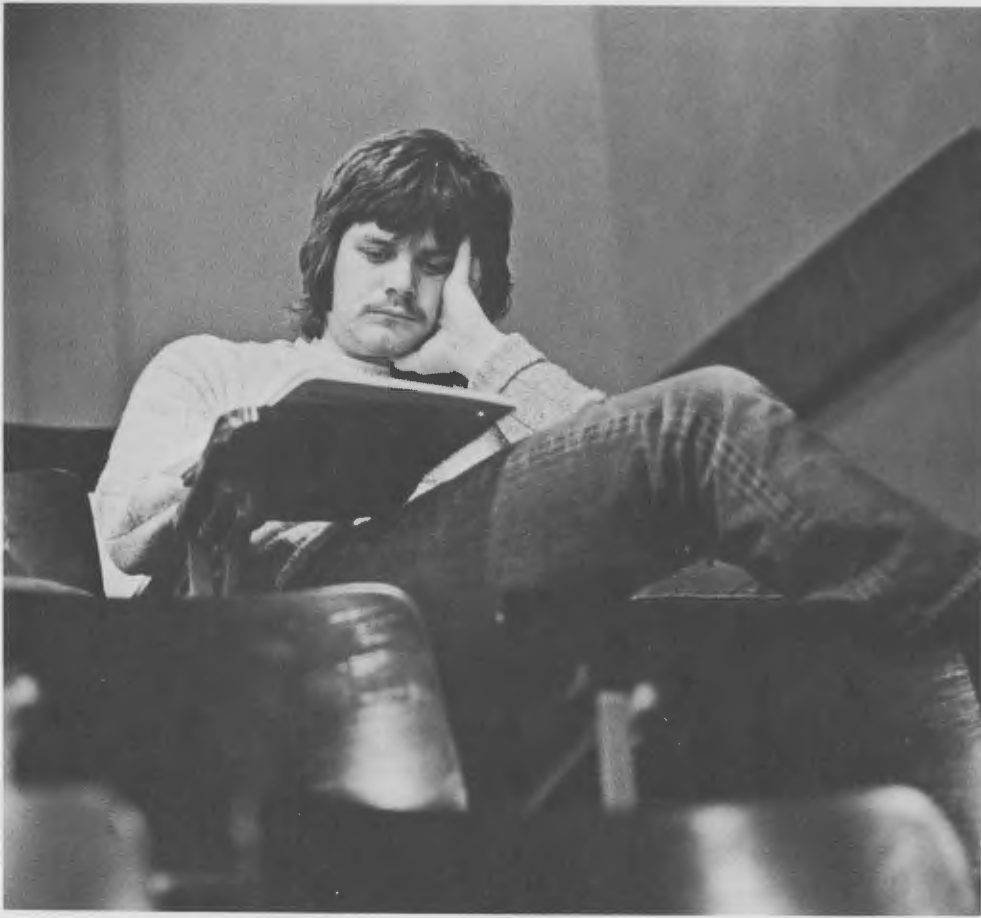




















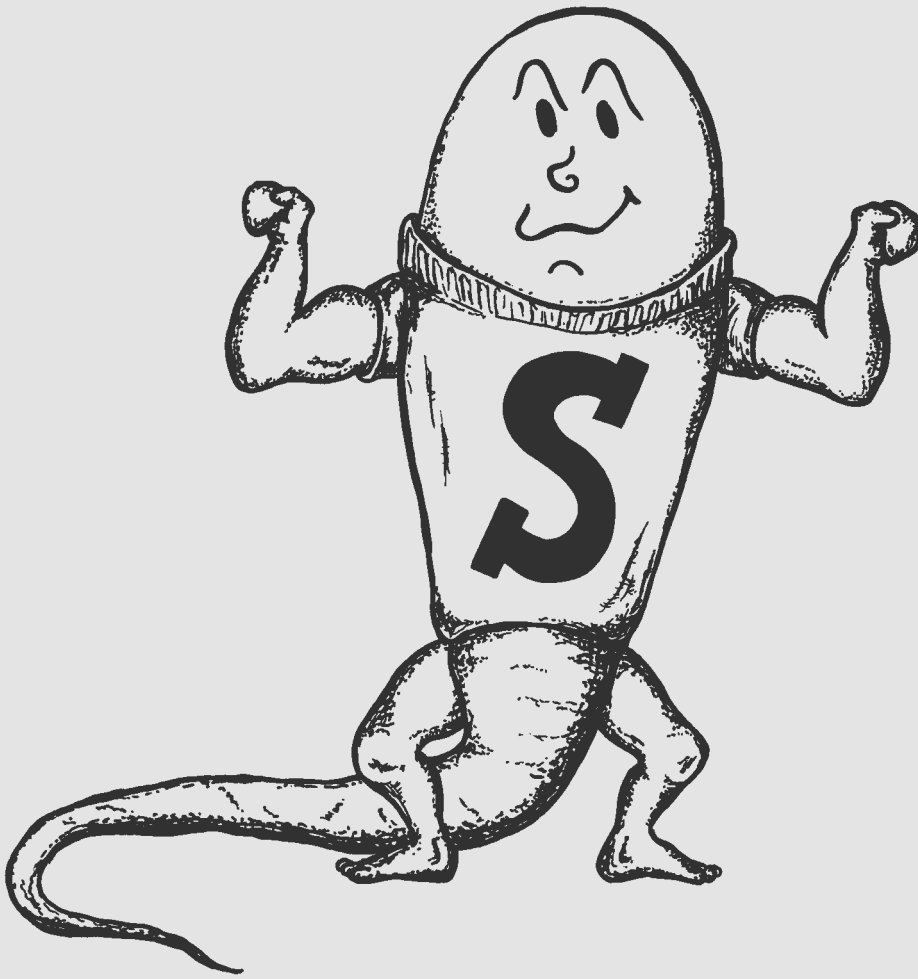






Well, you all know the story about Sam . . .

Dr. Wright—Bio. 409

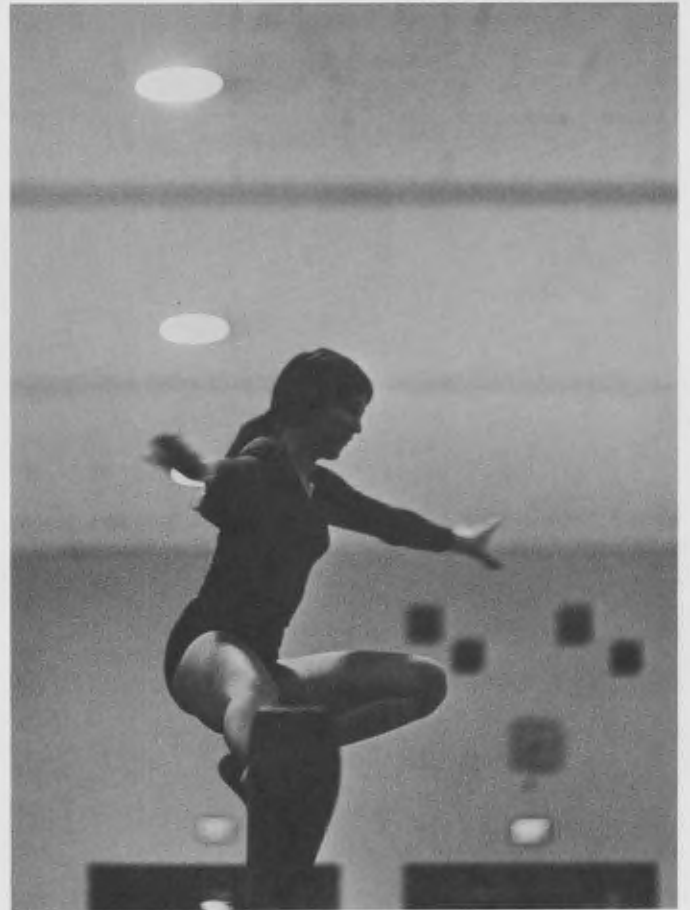




















Three on one bench  
    or a subway full of people.  
No one spoke or looked around  
But each picked a spot of ground  
    or piece of sky to look at;  
Like a subway ad  
    that gives attention to their stare.

They sat,  
    had touched each other  
    through rubbing coats,  
Left unnoticed  
    and no notice taken.











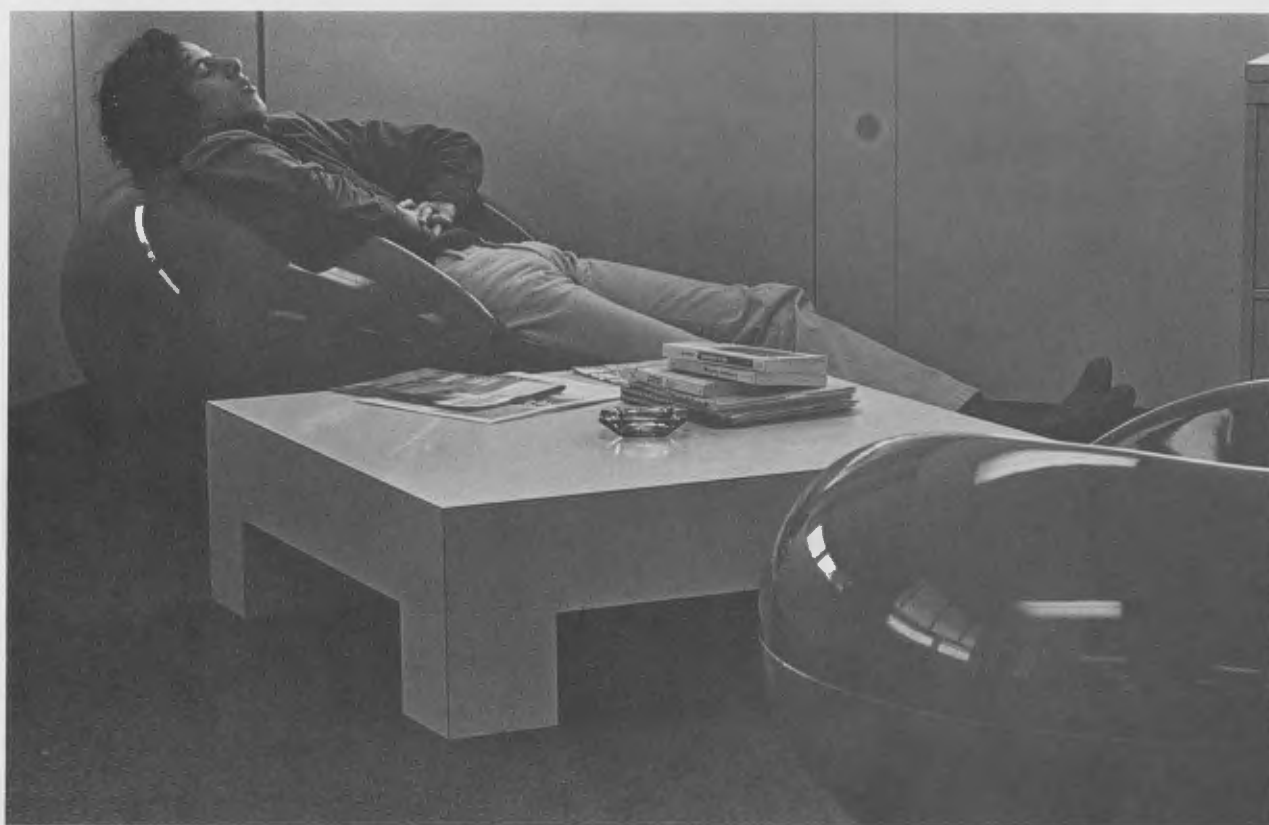
Seatrain—Winter Carnival 1972



























Everyone knows one thing about the ice sport here—UNH had a season to remember—and all those who witnessed it can testify to the excitement that it brought to them. Hockey was a feeling, like quadraphonic sound, that flowed off in all directions, touching and affecting large segments of the student population like almost nothing else was able to do. It was a feeling that brought the campus together for the common enjoyment of a great sport, and a great season.

This was the best performance ever in Division I for the Wildcat skaters. They finished at 14-7-0 in the division, and 20-10-0 overall. UNH had won twenty or more games four times in the last five seasons, and the third-place finish prompted many to label the Wildcats as the "cinderella" team in Division I.

But mere figures are not all we see. It was people—the players—the question marks, the definites and the injured ones that came together to make the 1971-72 season what it was. It was Charlie Holt, outlining his team's chances at the end of October. He worried about the "inexperience on defense," but, he was also sure that "these boys don't feel that they have to back down to anyone this season." He felt the excitement of putting together a great season even then.

The season began, and so did the problems. UNH just barely scraped by Norwich in a scrimmage. Later in November, Wildcat fans packed

Snively as usual, but the Blue was having difficulty downing Northeastern, 6-4. Was this an auger of things to come?

UNH went to Boston University, and came away losing, 2-1. But they also came away with the thought that they had not backed down at any time to the defending NCAA champions.

The Wildcats then breezed through their next three opponents with ease. But, in the Garden Christmas Tournament, RPI presented UNH with a loss. A week later, North Dakota was thrashing the Wildcats at home, and the quick-to-condemn were digging mass graves for the season's fortunes. During that game, however, something happened which completely reshaped those fortunes.

A hustling sophomore named Gordie Clark was shifted to the first line with center John Gray and wingman Guy Smith. From then on, lightning struck whenever this line was on the ice. The Wildcats began to win games again, with speed and finesse now, and not by luck as had seemed much of the time before. The defensemen were settling down and a guy named Bob Smith was becoming a stalwart in the net.

Each time the Wildcats skated on to the rink, you were sure that the Gray-Smith-Clark combination would be in the thick of the action. Each succeeding game saw these players coming through with big plays, and winning goals. Clark helped Gray notch the winning tally in overtime





against Boston College early in January. Smith put a pass right on Clark's stick for the winner against Clarkson three nights later. But the big guy wearing Number Eight provided the biggest thrill.

It was mid-January, just before exams, and people were looking for one last excuse to let off steam. Harvard, number one-ranked team in the ECAC, skated on to the Snively ice surface. A little later, on came the Wildcats, and the now huge throng stood up to give the home squad a tremendous ovation. The two teams fought bitterly throughout the game, until there was no time left, and there was a 3-3 tie. Then it was overtime, Guy Smith was perched at a difficult angle to the left of the Harvard net when he got the puck on his stick. He promptly whirled around and sent a quick backhand towards the net. The disc hit Harvard goalie Joe Bertagna's pads, glanced off, and rolled into the net. There was pandemonium. Fans jumping and screaming. Wildcat players mobbing each other near the Harvard net, Sticks high above their heads. Players in Crimson skating slowly off the ice with heads cast down—the spectacle will never be forgotten—it was a true legend in the making.

Exams and vacation came and Durham quieted down. But, even then, the amazing hockey story had a chapter. Many players practiced skating and shooting during voluntary sessions in Snively. People came in and watched them go through their paces in amazement. Nothing like that had gone on in quiet a while.

There was worry at the beginning of second semester that the old sharpness developed in January would be gone. St. Louis U. found out that this was not the case, but when the Wildcats got trampled up at Vermont, the question of rustiness

cropped up again. Boston University came to town early in February expecting an easy game, but a Snively crowd which BU coach Jack Kelley described as "must have been 6000," made life difficult for the visiting Terriers. BU won that game, but the five goals UNH scored proved that the Wildcats were "on" again. The next night, they proved it by blowing the Providence Friars off the ice with a five-goal first period.

This part of the season saw opposing teams trying to put the clamps on the Gray-Smith-Clark line. As a result, other names began to crop up, other faces began to show, other heads began to emerge from the crowd.

Captain Dick Umile was one of these men. The senior right wing and head inspirationalist played all season with a painful shoulder—an injury which "would have forced a lesser man to quit," according to Coach Holt.

Umile, along with his linemates Bill Munroe and Terry Blewett began to come up with clutch goals when the first line was tied up. Later, scrappy sophomore, Rick Olmstead, joined the second line, and earned praise for his digging and hustle. Radio station WHDH in Boston heaped plaudits upon him. "One of the most promising sophomores in the East," according to Art Dunphy, WHDH commentator, during the ECAC playoffs in Boston Garden.

As the season drew closer to its completion, the Wildcats bounced back and forth with impressive wins, and equally unimpressive losses. The Wildcats came from behind masterfully against RPI





with Gordie Clark scoring his eighth winning goal of the season. The Blue bounced Colgate on Winter Carnival Weekend, and Rob McCarthy bounced the puck from center ice past the Colgate goalie for his first of the season.

McCarthy teamed with Glenn Hunter, and Gary Hrushka with Doug Towler to form the defensive corps, perhaps the most pressured component of the Blue Machine. Yet, the second half of the season saw the defense improve and mature. Opposing forwards were not able to take liberties in the offensive zone anymore.

There were the strange losses. Providence avenged an earlier trouncing by defeating UNH, 5-2, on a snowy night in Rhode Island. Then there was Clarkson. All the golden Knight players seemed to want to do was to injure and maim UNH players. After their 8-5 defeat, Coach Holt was prompted to say, "that wasn't hockey out there, that was war."

That game also spoiled the Wildcat's chances for getting home ice for the ECAC playoffs. Nevertheless, the University of Pennsylvania found out that determination wins out every time, home ice or not. UNH celebrated in Philadelphia after a 5-3 win—it insured a trip to Boston for the semifinals for the first time ever.

The playoffs are now history, but the third-place finish has many good implications with it. Bob Smith showed his class before a huge Boston audience. All those skeptics who doubted that anything about UNH hockey was any good were silenced. Two standing ovations after his performance were testimony enough.

The third line emerged as a positive factor in the playoffs. Bill Beaney showed consummate skill in stick-handling and shooting the backhand. Mike Burkart made opponents think of John McKenzie, whose hitting and hustle adds luster to the Bruins' attack, while Dave Bertollo made tremendous strides in his perseverance and confidence.

Other players made contributions. Dan Rooney showed great promise as a checking forward before injuries slowed him down. John King and Mark Kaneb will be heard from on defense in the future.

Most important, everyone worked together for the goal of skating on Boston Garden ice at season's end. They accomplished this in going further and doing more in Division I than any UNH hockey team did before. The five graduating seniors, John Gray, Guy Smith, Dick Umile, Bill Munroe, and Terry Blewett can be proud of their accomplishments. This was their year.

















### Odd Estrangement

even in the beginning, if you listened  
past the end of mere expression,  
a certain hollowness to our laughs could be detected;  
just as the heavy clomp of a shoe  
in a hallway echoes  
drawn-out in the space before closed doors.  
it was a peculiar situation we found  
each at the end of a dark corridor  
curious, attentive and awestruck  
by our chorus of sound and its ability  
to mingle, touch and separate as two  
distinct frequencies in mid-air:  
loose and electric, real but never seen.













Edgar Winter



J. Geils



















thought flashes flicker on  
blackened walls:

Whaaa  
shall i do  
for ego  
plea?

sure,

or Sur,

End.

.....err..... Tomy ldy O'Sin  
cri (then) cies  
And's Mother  
the rag-Ing flame  
(shouts)

Sin Ceall!!!

BURN EDWOOD!!!

crum blest O ash.

























Two years?

Two years . . .

And after two years plus, Life Studies is quietly dying somewhere out there, somewhere among the maze of reports, files, grade slips, and rosters—there among the sometime students—that one can find roaming the upper haunts of Richards House. Today those haunts are very quiet.

Yes . . . two years . . .

Life Studies was a well meaning, poorly organized, two year ripoff to many students and faculty involved in it. For others it was a long awaited instrument to be used either to educate or advance themselves—in either case it was finally the individual who decided whether the result was for better or worse.

Yes, two years is quite a chance.

The program was an experiment in basic higher education; the goals were to innovate new ways to motivate the undergraduate student and, hopefully, guide the student into the responsible role of self-educator. The University suspended the general education requirements for those involved until the program was evaluated. The key to the program was a close knit, personal community which would decide its own educational needs and requirements. Unfortunately, the means given the experiment were never enough to meet the community's high, idealistic goals.

From the beginning, the Life Studies community was an isolated community. The program, as an experiment, had no resources or controls to rely on for support—a house built with no foundation. This isolation came from many different points and people, (both inside and outside of the program,) but this arose mostly from the concept of the Life Studies workshop. The workshop, key to innovation, was an unstructured class of ten to fifteen people designed to break down the barriers between students and teachers; no tests, credit-fail grades, personal evaluations of both teacher and student, and most importantly, the student was expected to share actively in the decision making process regarding the structure of the course.

Often, from outside observation, it looked not only unstructured, but undisciplined and chaotic. Many qualified people, especially those in the sciences and languages, viewed the experiment as a threat to disciplined educational processes. Their lack of co-operation and participation in the experiment not only robbed the program of valuable help, but robbed it of important controls which would have made the experiment stable. When it was needed, help was withdrawn too quickly, at a time when the going was rough.

A problem that added to this was that Life Studies never evolved as a self-supporting entity, and never managed to create an approachable self-image. Without this self-image, (maybe of machine work, stability, and excited innovation,) Life Studies was never really able to build the necessary bridges of communication throughout the university. Many departments that I encountered either knew nothing of the program, or considered it full of "gut courses". After two years, a recent reaction from a close friend was, "Ah, you dinks in Life Studies never have to work, you don't even have any exams."

Exit one close friend . . .

Or, the question I received at a party from a WSBE professor, "Hey, just what's happening over there in that program anyway, hmmm?"

Exit me from the party . . .

With this communication gap, such friends, students, and faculty were apt to remain apathetic and indifferent towards the program—waiting in the sidelines was the safest way to play the game













Two years?

Two years . . .

And after two years plus, Life Studies is quietly dying somewhere out there, somewhere among the maze of reports, files, grade slips, and rosters—there among the sometime students—that one can find roaming the upper haunts of Richards House. Today those haunts are very quiet.

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Seals and Crofts





























### Children

I knew this girl  
once.  
she told me I  
would marry.  
She told me I should  
marry her.  
She wanted me  
to give her flowers.  
She said I should,  
even if I didn't like  
her—cause the flowers  
wouldn't care.

One day I bought her  
a red balloon  
and told her I'd kiss her.  
She closed her eyes  
as I tied the balloon  
to her waist.

Now I think maybe  
I shouldn't have done it.

I really almost miss her  
in a strange way.  
But, it really was funny  
seeing her float away  
with lips puckered and  
eyes closed  
carried by a red balloon.















Durham is a nice little college town whose main street is called Main Street and whose newest hall on campus is called New Hall. There are a few stop signs, no stop lights, and a few stores (a Saturday window shopping tour will take less than five minutes). Except for the University, perhaps even with it, Durham is a Sleepy Hollow of sorts—a funny place to spend four years becoming “educated.” I write “educated” with quotation marks because for some, the word has become nothing more than a euphemism for fruitless exercises in conglomerating irrelevancies. To a degree I must concur. But it seems to me that the true lessons are not necessarily learned in lecture halls or seminars or even life-studies programs. They are subtle lessons in critical thinking that are perhaps only initiated in the classroom and extrapolated into a kind of view of the world that becomes essentially personal, not to be labelled by the stamps that seems to mark our era: pessimism, cynicism, existentialism, fatalism.

It seems to me that those who have most indulged in the critical thinking process are the ones who will suffer most. For some, leaving the university will be a form of intellectual suicide. Those who have nourished their intellects while taking refuge in the university’s big belly, who have perceived fallacy after gaping fallacy in the world outside, will find themselves upon leaving the university, intellectualized into a state of inertia, perceiving so much cancerous that they will not be able to cope with the smallest illness. The alternatives to such a dilemma appear no less merciful than the dilemma itself.

One can see signs of that kind of mental grappling all around us. Those who have spent years

complaining: “nothing to do,” “nowhere to go,” “Boston’s where it’s happening,” have found themselves in suddenly the enviable position of being “back on the land,” in a kind of retreat where nothing much *is* happening. Those who had regretfully backed their asses out of the glamorous city and into the dull drab mystery of Durham are now heard loudly proclaiming its virtues. A kind of flotsam of academe—the college graduate—is seen everywhere, lingering about Durham, uncertain where to go, apprehensive about what he’ll do when he goes there. It’s an unnerving feeling if you’ve been floating with the current for twenty-some years and find you’re at the end of the stream and have to swim on your own or sink.

I was talking to a janitor friend of mine for whom I worked part-time during school and I explained my feelings. He listened carefully, sucked on a cigarette and toed it out, then said: “Yea, life is a goddam merry-go-round. You go round and round and up and down until you fall off . . . and then you’re dead.” He added as he was leaving: “But it’s the goddam ride that counts—make the best of it.”

Sometime later I was sitting downtown sipping coffee with an art student friend of mine. I told her what I had been thinking and what the janitor had said. I finished talking, suddenly aware that it was perhaps a tedious monologue, and looked embarrassedly away. Outside it was sluggish and muggy with the late spring heat. And through the warped window glass the passersby, and even the trees and leaves and sidewalks, seemed distorted like an underwater image broken by a wave. I looked back at her and she said, “Yea, it’s hard to believe it’s all real.”







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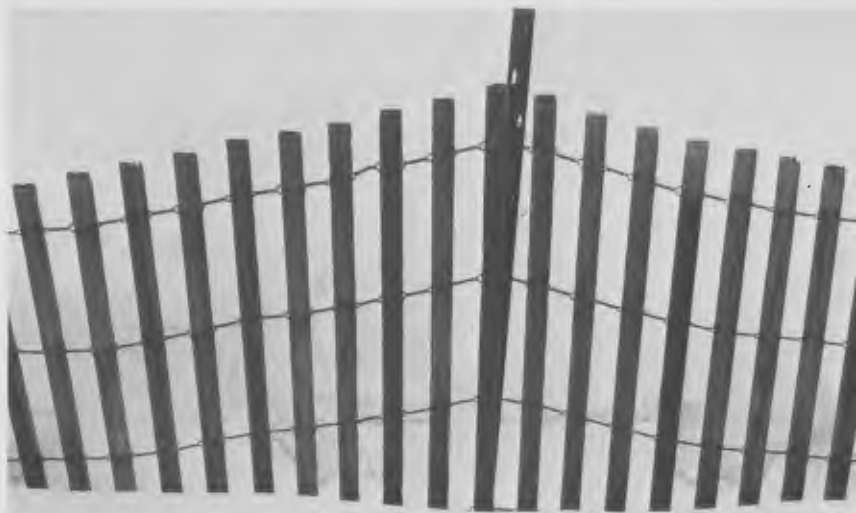


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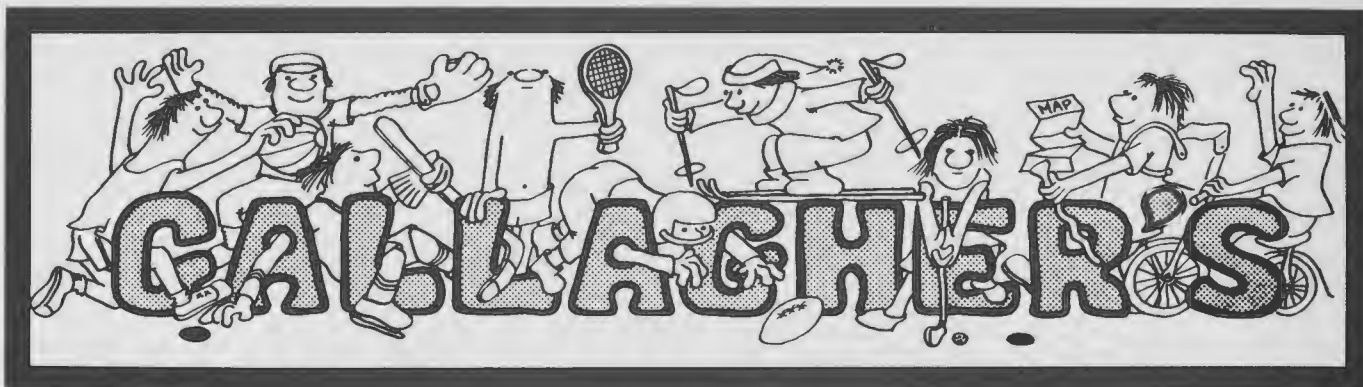
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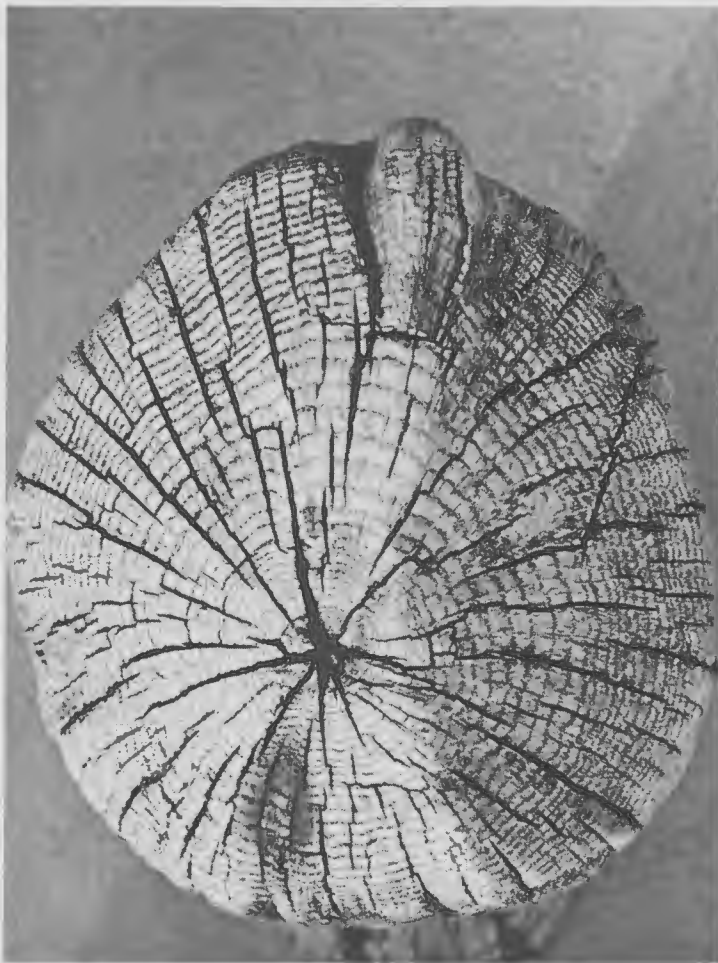
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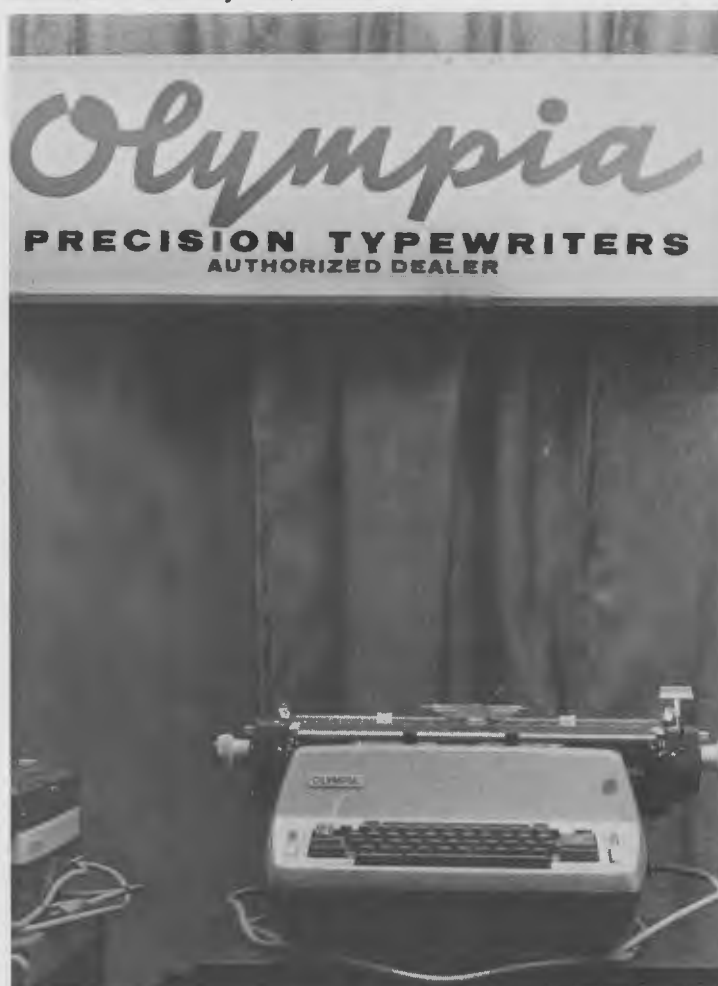
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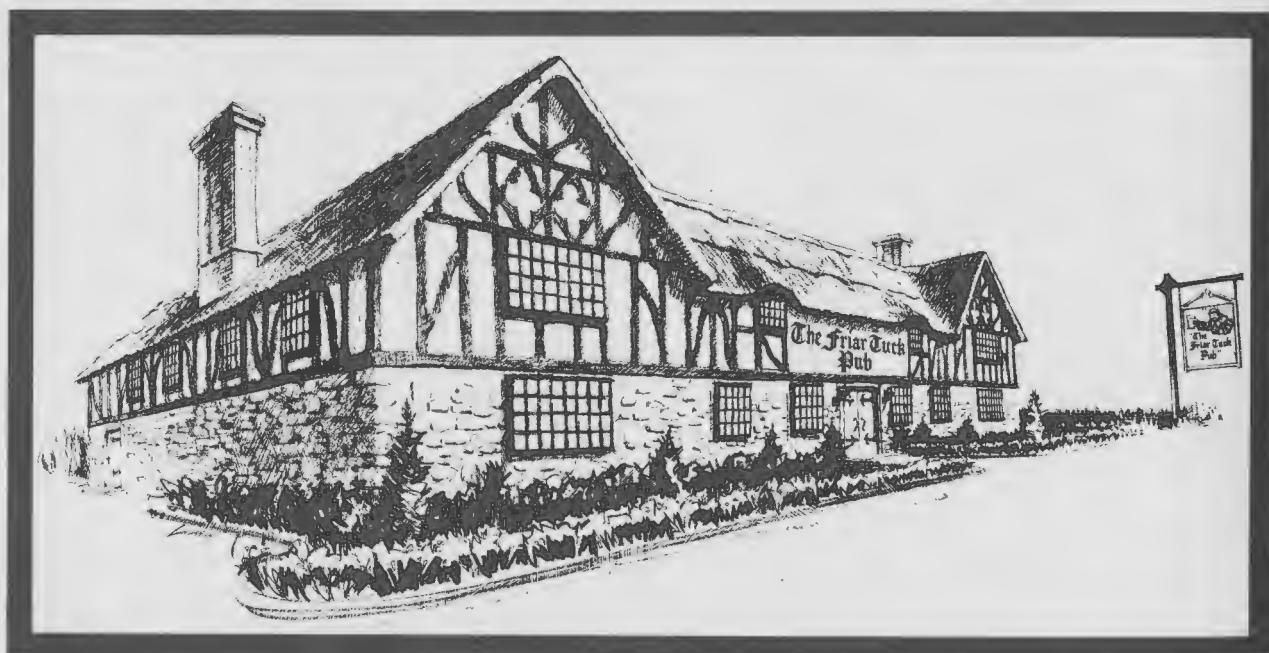
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## PHOTOGRAPHERS

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 Karen Behringer—2  
 Linda Behringer—12 top, 34, 35, 51 both, 54, 55, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 88 both, 89 bottom, 91 bottom, 111, 112, 113, 117, 119, 127 both, 129 both, 136, 137, 140-141, 142, 143, 150, 156, 160, 186, 187, 188 both, 189 both, 195, 205, 213, 221, 226, 227, 228, 229, 246, 247, 249, 253, 256, 257, 258, 266 bottom, 292, 293, 294, 295, 299, 326, 132  
 Jaclyn Bergeron—11 top, 14, 16, 32, 45 bottom, 48, 49, 50, 58, 67, 84 top, 86 both, 89 top, 90, 95, 106, 121 bottom, 141 top, 151, 181, 183, 279, 291 bottom  
 Sue Bylander—174 bottom  
 Norman Desfosses—15, 17, 26, 27 bottom, 237 bottom, 238, 241, 243  
 John Doleac—7, 19, 24, 25 top, 40, 64, 68, 69, 76, 121 top, 87, 96, 233  
 Dan Forbush—223-224  
 Philip Geffer—21  
 Bob Georgitis—148  
 Alison Greene—110, 123, 190, 231 bottom, 250, 259 both, 261 top, 264, 265 top, 266 top, 268, 269, 270, 271 top, 281, 286, 288 bottom, 298, 302, 303 both, 306, 307, 310, 311, 312, 313 top, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319 both, 320  
 Denis Harrap—121  
 Naoto Inoue—39, 53, 62, 83, 91 top, 101, 130 both, 158, 173, 175, 176, 177 top, 197, 225, 251, 255, 271 bottom, 277, 296 top, 301, 309 bottom, 325, 328, 336  
 Bill Klein—56-57  
 Patrick Maloney—46-47  
 Dennis C. McAllister—248  
 Murray McGurick—97  
 Ralph Morang—111 both, 112  
 Ken Oros—6, 25 bottom, 30, 31, 33, 41, 42, 43, 59, 60 top, 60 bottom, 61, 79, 80, 99, 100, 102 top, 118, 120, 122 bottom, 124, 125, 144, 146, 152, 170, 171, 172, 174 top, 177 bottom, 191, 192, 193, 202 both, 209, 235 both, 240 both, 305, 323  
 Michael Painchaud—78 both  
 Peter Patton—10 top, 11 bottom, 73 both, 155, 178 bottom  
 Skip Prior—21 bottom, 27 bottom, 29, 102 bottom, 131, 140 top left and bottom, 141 bottom, 147, 162 bottom, 163, 184 bottom, 214, 216, 217 both, 232, 237 top, 274 bottom, 276 bottom, 278  
 Doug Purinton—94  
 Ron Rosenblum—103, 133  
 Gary Sampson—5, 13 top, 18, 36  
 Len Sargent—1, 8 top, 9, 12 middle, 12 bottom, 20, 37 bottom, 63 bottom, 65, 81, 82, 84 bottom, 92, 116, 126, 138, 139 both, 168-169, 178 top, 179, 184 top, 185 top, 194, 199, 200, 201, 203, 206, 207 all, 208, 215, 218 both, 219, 230, 231 top, 234, 236 both, 242, 244, 260, 276 top, 282, 285, 296-297, 309 top, 321, 331  
 Karen Schneider—8 middle  
 Bill Schultz—77, 85, 275  
 Gary Smith—3, 10 bottom, 23, 27 top, 128, 161, 165, 180, 204  
 Michael Thornton—108-109, 185 bottom, 198  
 Vali Valenti—8 bottom, 52, 134, 154, 164, 261 bottom, 263, 265 bottom  
 Nick Wallner—28, 44, 45 top, 66  
 Dan Willett—135  
 Michael Williams—37 top, 63 top, 145, 162 top, 210, 211, 212, 332

ARTWORK: Polly Fowle—135

Michael Mistretta—149

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Stories

Lynda Billings p. 71  
Ed Penhale p. 132  
Bob Constantine p. 173  
Peter Hendrick p. 211  
Allen Miller p. 245

Poetry

Naoto Inoue—stand: look: wait	p. 5
Naoto Inoue—think	p. 20
Naoto Inoue—first leaf	p. 38
Joseph Goldsmith—The Parade	p. 107
Henry Maxfield—Three on one bench	p. 157
Stephen Kokolis—Odd Estrangement	p. 182
Stephen Kokolis—thought flashes	p. 196
Pat Tovey—Children	p. 238

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